171 302 765 Another occasion to cut the hair short is the death of a close relative, when not only the males (cf. Photos. 51 and 52) but the opposite sex as well (Photo. 64) are compelled to undergo this procedure. This custom is quite widespread in South America. [Ed., the remainder of the paragraph is omitted.]

302 [177] [412] Among the Tapirapé at the present time, the hair is cut with scissors received from the Whites. [Ed., the remainder of p. 107 is omitted, which includes the beginning of the sentence finished at the top of p. 108.]

302 171 515 [107:108] . . . in 1614, Father Claude d'Abbeville (267) wrote of the hair of the Tupinambá of Maranhão: "[Ed., two sentences are omitted.] They [the women] are quite meticulous about combing their hair and do not fail to wash it and rub it with oil and Roucou every morning" [translated from French]. [Ed., three paragraphs are omitted.]

[314] Some Tapirapé comb their hair with great care, although they do not wash it as frequently as the Tupinambá women observed by Father Claude, or massage it as often with oil and urucú. They would no doubt anoint it more frequently if it were not for the scarcity of the raw material, a palm nut that grows only at certain times of year. This scarcity impelled an honest matron to steal from us our only bottle of oil, which we had brought to remedy the lack of fat in the diet. Instead of lining our stomachs, the entire liter of nutritious liquid ended up on the good woman's head. [Ed., the last paragraph of p. 108 is omitted.]

302 [881] [764] [107:109] The Tapirapé also put urucú in their hair, but only on special occasions. They apply it to boys on the festive day of initiation, to girls on the day when their first menstruation ends, and to the dead. It may have religious significance, but I cannot tell.

515 593 Aside from hair combing, delousing is a gesture of love. The bugs caught end their existence between the teeth of the catcher, who thus swallows the blood of his or her beloved. This tender duty is performed on a mutual basis by parents and children and by loving spouses. Girls show the greatest enthusiasm for this type of quest. It does happen, however, that an old man still delouses an already married son (cf. Photo. 55).

826 261 Not only do they avoid losing the blood stolen by lice and mosquitoes by eating the culprits caught in the act, but they also

4: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940) 1943
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The eight living men (*marántxunkanera* or "killers") who had killed *pančés* attest to the frequency of revenge killing of shamans because of suspected sorcery. Within the memory of one informant, Kamairá, who was approximately forty years old, ten shamans had been killed (14). During his youth he had killed a shaman, *Pančewáni*, because he believed him responsible for his younger brother's death. Going to the shaman's house the second night after his brother's death, Kamairá found the shaman asleep and killed him with several arrows through the abdomen. According to various informants, the epidemic of deaths that had been occuring then came to a halt, thus proving *Pančewáni*'s guilt. In another case the killer hid in the forest and shot the suspected shaman as he passed on his way to his garden: still another shaman was clubbed to death as he sat with his family in the village plaza. Two living "killers" had murdered women shamans by clubbing them to death. *Kučanančé* (*kučan*, woman; *pančé*, shaman) generally die by violence, according to informants: women shamans "are dangerous". They dream more than men [shamans] and they kill many Tapirapé [in dreams]", said one man. Ironically, all three of the more powerful shamans living today, at least two of whom are currently in danger because they are considered powerful enough to be suspected of "evil dreaming", murdered shamans during their youth (15).

Informants could not remember any one occasion when a shaman thus murdered was avenged by his relatives; yet informants did say that a shaman with several adult brothers — true siblings — strong enough

(14) The span of this man's life has seen the tremendous depopulation of the Tapirapé from imported diseases; thus it represents an abnormal period with more than the usual number of deaths and perhaps, therefore, an unusual number of revenge murders of shamans.

(15) As I write this paper, a letter comes from Valentim Gomes, my guide and companion during both trips to the Tapirapé. I quote in part this letter translated from Portuguese: "I report that I was in the village of the Tapirapé on the twenty-sixth of July [1941]. They were all in good health and there were plenty of garden products such as manioc, yams, peanuts, etc. — There were few hammas".

"But I am sorry to say that after we left them [in May, 1940] twenty-nine adults and a few children have died. Fifteen women and fourteen men died. Among those who died was Canguhwi, the best informant in the village. Also Urukumu had been killed by the young Tapirapé I called Antonio". (During my stay the Tapirapé had several times spoken of the necessity of liquidating Urukumu and several had predicted that it would occur).

4: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940) 1943
SP22 Tapirape SP22

683 to avenge him, is generally not murdered (16). A strong shaman makes
[573] an effort to have a strong family group about him for protection. Informants
[256] could not remember that murdered shamans had ever been revenged by their familiar spirits, although one man made the point that shamans were murdered only by persons under the influence of great anger or grief, for people normally are afraid of the familiars of shamans.
683 Special rites are observed by anyone who has murdered a shaman, to
783 protect him and the rest of the tribe against possible danger. On the day following the murder the *marántxunkanéra* must retire to his hammock and here eat of a white clay, *ĩwĩ činga*, and drink until he vomits of a
[827] brew made of boiling a man's leg ornament in water. Vomiting cleanses
[30] his body "of the blood of the shaman". The killer must paint his entire body black with *genipa* (*Genipa americana*) and put red urucu paint in his hair; he should also scratch his chest, arms, thighs, and back
[881] with teeth of the dog fish, just as he did in the ceremony he had performed as a young boy to make himself a strong adult. Then, each year at the annual ceremony during the harvests in May and June, all who have killed shamans must drink of *kauió* (17) until they vomit, so cleansing themselves of the shaman's blood for the period until the next harvest.

DUTIES OF THE SHAMAN

276 Among the Tapirapé tobacco is a sacred plant necessary for curing and for all shamanistic activities; yet, while it is found widely near Tapirapé village and near their gardens, it is not strictly a cultivated plant. People know where a patch of tobacco grows and go there to pick it. Occasionally they transplant tobacco nearer to their houses or to their gardens but for the most part the patches seed themselves. When an

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[598 (16) When I left the Tapirapé in May, 1940, a grudge existed between two
521] men of high status because of the murder of a shaman. Kamairabo disliked, avoided, and criticised Kamairá because he had killed Kančwaŋi, Kamairabo's wife's father. The antagonism was never overt. When they met they treated each other formally and calmly. Other Tapirapé told me that Kamairabo's wife continually gossiped about the behavior of Kamairá's wife, "because her husband had killed Kantuowa's father".

[272 (17) A brew made of a few grains of maize and much water. It is believed
276] to be poisonous.

8: Baldus E-5 (1935, 1947) 1956 SP22 Tapirapé SP22

against the supposed menace and to kill the shaman who is suspected of having become an evil sorcerer.

Though, also as regards the institution of shamanism, fear works out as a factor of socialization by exorcising the dangers to the tribal life, we cannot say the same about the fear which produces in many Tapirapé a disposition to adapt themselves complacently to the white man. During my stay in 1935, in the village called Tampiitawa, I could distinguish clearly between the great group of timorous people led by Kamairahó who received with open arms all that came from our civilization, and a smaller group composed of decided and valorous people who didn't want anything to do with us. So there were two opposite trends in their "foreign policy" and consequently germs of tribal disintegration.

Of the direct causes of fear I want to mention the following: The Tapirapé were alarmed by my fury when I saw a man whipping his wife. To relate this case means to confess a most ethnocentric and therefore in no way ethnological behaviour. But I think that in order to be an ethnologist it is necessary to be able not to be an ethnologist in certain situations. At noon on July 15 I see that behind the house in which I was living with Kamairahó and thirty other Indians, the athletic Inamoréo, nearly twenty-two years old, is beating a woman. With a cane and the blade of his bush-knife he is whipping his wife. She is so small and tender that she seems to be a child in spite of being perhaps twenty years old. I run towards the couple to interfere. The little woman is weeping despairingly, but doesn't go away. The man tries to tug her towards the house which is their house and mine also. She struggles. There he enters the house. Finally she follows. I enter also. The man holds the knife. I have nothing in my hands, but I am bound by my upbringing; I am the weapon of my culture and my culture is my weapon. I say to Inamoréo that people do not beat a woman like a dog. (I refer to this animal because frequently, among the Tapirapé, it can only thus be prevented from eating the people's food.) Inamoréo pronounces insults and his wife sobs. Now I explain to all the people present that beating a woman is a bad thing. Later, when I am sitting together with Kamairahó and his wife, I tell them that if a white man should whip his wife, another white man would kill him with a revolver. Jokingly I add: "If you, Kamairahó, beat your wife, I have to kill you with my revolver." With these words I go away.

After a while Kamairahó passed me with a depressed face. I ask him: "Where are you going?" Without smiling he answers: "I am afraid of you." I embrace him, I kiss him impetuously in the Tapirapé manner, that is, rubbing my nose against his nose; but all this is in vain. He waits patiently until I let him go, continues walking, and tells the men and women whom he is passing that he is afraid of me, the white man who kills those who beat women. May I observe here that I always went around without a weapon among the Tapirapé, keeping the revolver, as Kamairahó knew, in my hammock hanging close to his hammock, and even there the revolver was at hand only to be at the disposal of the same Kamairahó in order to protect him against the event of nocturnal attack by the Kayapó Indians, the most terrible neighbours. Kamairahó enters his house and immediately from there sounds an agitated and long talk. With the speed of lightning the news spreads through the village that Kamairahó is afraid of me and is lying in his hammock and that I would kill with a revolver the husbands who whip their wives. A middle-aged woman joins me, saying: "I am afraid of you." I assure her again that I am not bad, that, on the con-

8: Baldus E-5 (1935, 1947) 1956 SP22 Tapirapé SP22

trary, I am good, and in order to demonstrate it, I embrace cordially a man on her side so that I don't need to embrace her. And I say to my English companion who at this moment joins me: "Certain research-workers who were killed by the Indians with whom they lived, as, for instance, Boggiani among the Chamakoko, were murdered only through fear." At that instant, as if he had understood my words, the man I have just embraced asks me if the Shavante really have killed the white man by the name of Father John and if they have murdered him with a club. I don't know from where the Tapirapé had received this information and if his question represented a reaction or only conversation. What I know is that the man couldn't have understood my comment about the murders through fear.

An hour later I see Kamairahó going to the brook carrying two calabash rattles which he had obtained from the Karajá neighbours, but never used. I follow him and ask him what he intends to do with the rattles. He explains that they are dirty and that he wants to clean them with water, and adds: "When you go away and I remain here, the rattles will go with you." He continues with a mournful face. Besides, everyone looks sad, and when I enter our hut, I am not received as usual with the friendly exclamation: "You arrive!" But, looking to this or that person, I immediately receive a polite smile. Even at night Kamairahó says to the Englishman that he is still afraid of me, and when my companion reassures him, confirming the jocose character of my threat, he is invited immediately by Kamairahó to eat bananas and by other inhabitants of the house to have kauí, a fermented drink, in payment for this consolation. Meanwhile Inamoréo, who had beaten his wife, has already gone peacefully to sleep with her in the hammock and explains later that he whipped her only with the arrow—which is not true. I invite Kamairahó for a dinner of deer. He eats well, but with a sad face complaining of a headache. He receives aspirin.

It is necessary to consider that the fear described above may have been caused less by the threat with the revolver than by the agitated manner with which I expressed my indignation and which contrasts with Tapirapé behaviour. Even Kamairahó's wife, who used to quarrel much, always pronounced insults in a monotonous voice and with apparent calm, quite different, for instance, from the Karajá women who shout without reserve. But it may be mentioned that the Tapirapé were also afraid of the Englishman when a woman had stolen a great quantity of kitchen oil from him, putting it in her hair, and when dogs of the village tore his towel to pieces. And my companion was less explosive than I!

Graver causes of fear are the Kayapó attacks. I have already mentioned that, on account of these, I was asked to sleep armed. When a rumour maker is talking about the approach of these Indians, all the village is immediately alarmed. And there are reasons for this, because in 1947, soon after my second visit to the Tapirapé, these warlike neighbours assaulted the village, plundered it, and burned it, killing and kidnapping women.

Fear was produced also by the eclipse of the moon on 15th of June, 1935. When at night I was awakened with the words "chahy vuy" "moon blood," all the people were dejected and the men were talking only in low tones. Really, the moon appears dark red like coagulated blood. Next day everybody was still preoccupied with the phenomenon, considering it a bad omen of carnage.

But while the eclipse was an uncommon cause of fear, there were other causes in every moment and in any place, for the Tapirapé lives surrounded by malevolent spirits. Here is the so-called "imaginary fear" regarding which Mira y López[9] observes that "even the bravest warriors, able to throw themselves

upon an expectant father. This same set of taboos now bothered him again. A series of foods, mainly meats and particularly venison, is prohibited to fathers of infants and to husbands of pregnant women. On two excursions to the savanna (which abounds with deer) Champukwi had eaten venison. Moreover, since the Tapirapé identified cattle with deer, and thus beef with venison, he had broken the taboo several additional times by partaking also of this forbidden meat. The rather scrawny conditon of his 2-year-old daughter, he feared, resulted from his faults. Just after our return to the village in early November, his wife gave birth to a second daughter. She had a difficult delivery, and he remembered his transgressions. Several village gossips, without knowing anything about his misdeeds, had nevertheless accused him of this breach of taboo.

Champukwi's home life was not a happy one. He was frequently in conflict with his second wife, who had, indeed, considerable basis for complaint. She could not claim that he was a poor provider, for Champukwi was a good hunter and a diligent gardener. But he confided to me that he did not find her attractive, or at least not as attractive as other women in the village. Champukwi had a lusty sense of humor and enjoyed joking with Valentim and me. In this mood he told of his many extramarital affairs, which were in truth but slightly concealed. I would in any event have heard of these liaisons; he gave his paramours beads which everyone in the village knew I had given him as presents. This practice caused trouble for the women because their husbands could readily identify the source of the gifts. It also created trouble for Champukwi at home. His wife complained of his affairs and on one occasion, according to Champukwi, she attacked him, grabbing him by his pigtail and squeezing his exposed testicles until he fell helpless into a hammock. On other occasions, she retaliated in a manner more usual for a Tapirapé woman—she simply refused to carry drinking water from the creek, to cook food for him, and to allow him to sleep in the hammock which she and Champukwi shared. For a Tapirapé man to carry drinking water, to cook, or to sleep on a mat is considered ridiculously funny. In other circumstances, Champukwi would have had to seek recourse with a female relative. However, to do so would be tantamount to a public announcement of his marital difficulties; the whole village would have known, to their considerable merriment and jest. But having *tovi*[A] friends in the village, Champukwi

[A] [i.e. non-Indian -- Analyst]

could come quietly to us at night to drink water, to ask for something to eat, and even to sleep in an extra hammock we had for visitors. His affairs were evidently extensive, for he once divided all of the adult women of the village into two categories—those "I know how to talk with" (i.e., to seduce) and those "I do not know how to talk with." There were many with whom he "could talk."

Unfortunately, by late November of 1939, I knew too much about Champukwi's affairs either for his comfort or for mine. His wife sometimes came to my house to ask if I knew where he had gone (I could generally guess), and once an irate husband even came to inquire of his whereabouts. His Don Juan activities had evidently increased. His friendship with me caused him trouble with other Tapirapé who were envious of the presents he received. The story was circulated that he had stolen a pair of scissors which, in fact, I had given to him. Moreover, several people caught colds, and he was accused of bringing the infection from Furo de Pedra (actually it was probably transmitted by the frontiersman who had helped transport us to the village in November). Champukwi sought revenge by cutting down one of the main supports of the men's house, which promptly caved in. No one died or was seriously injured and the destruction of the men's house was soon forgotten since it is normally rebuilt each year. However, people continued to criticize Champukwi, much of their criticism revolving around his relationship with me. There are no realms of esoteric secrets in Tapirapé culture (as there are in many cultures) that must not be revealed to an outsider; there is only the "secret" of the men from the women that the masked dancers are not supernatural beings but merely masquerading men, but I had been fully and openly brought into this "secret." I was, moreover, exceedingly careful in conversation never to refer to any bit of personal information that some informant, Champukwi or another, had told me. But rumors were rife in the small village—that I was angry and would soon leave (I was by then a valuable asset), that Champukwi told me lies about others, that I refused to give a bushknife to a household leader because Champukwi had urged me not to do so (I refused because I had already given him one bushknife), and the like.

Champukwi reacted moodily, often violently, to this situation. I could no longer count on his visits nor on our research interviews. He now visited us with a glum look on his face, and when he was

not at once offered coffee, he left offended. But the very next day he might return, gay and joking, yet without his former patience for teaching or explaining Tapirapé culture. Once he returned tired from a hunting trip, and, irritated by his wife, he beat her with the flat side of his bushknife and marched off in anger, thoughtfully taking the family hammock and a basket of manioc flour, to sleep four nights in the forest near his garden. Soon afterwards, he left his wife to take the wife of a younger man. This did not become a major scandal in the village. After some tense yet calm words between the two men, it seemed clear that the young woman preferred Champukwi and the abandoned husband peacefully moved into the men's house. Champukwi's former wife and their two young daughters continued to live with her relatives as is the Tapirapé rule. But the switch of spouses caused tension between Champukwi and his former wife's kinsmen, and between Champukwi and the abandoned husband's kinsmen; and, to multiply his woes, he now had a new set of in-laws to satisfy. For about a month thereafter I rarely saw Champukwi; he obviously avoided our house. When we met in the village or in the men's house, he simply said that he was busy repairing his house or hunting.

Discussing emotions with someone from a culture as widely different as Tapirapé is from my own was difficult, and the language barrier was still a real one. Although my Tapirapé vocabulary was increasing, it was hardly adequate to probe deeply into emotional responses; nor was Champukwi given to introspection. I shall probably never fully understand Champukwi's temporary rejection of me, but the cause was probably both sociological and psychological. First, his apparent influence with me and our close friendship had created antagonism on the part of other villagers. By rejecting the outsider, he now hoped to reinstate himself in his own society. A second, deeper and more personal reason, contributed to his rejection of me; he had told me too much about himself, and feared that he had lost face in the process. Also, it was obvious that I was growing less dependent upon him for knowledge as my facility with the language improved and my information about the culture grew. Finally, the rejection was not one-sided. Now additional informants were desirable for my research. Also, if I remember correctly (it is not stated in my notebooks), I was annoyed by Champukwi's neglect and disappointed by his lack of loyalty.